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WOMEN AND VERACITY.

NOT one woman in a thousand tells lies. The essential element of a lie, or the "criminal intent," as District-Attorney Jerome would put it, is the knowing purpose to depart from the truth. When a man departs from the truth he usually does so on purpose. When a woman strays from the path of strictest veracity it is not because she intended to, but because she believes what she says.

Col. J. Hamilton Lewis has been making remarks to the Northwestern University Law School, in which he says on the authority of Horace that "an oath means nothing to a woman."

This is a half truth.

Most women so thoroughly believe in themselves, in their own powers of observation and conversation, that whatever they hear themselves say they believe to be true, and if any one else says anything different, the other party is necessarily wrong.

When a woman goes on the witness stand and testifies to something which is not true she is really not committing perjury, because she believes what she says. When a girl is testifying for her lover, or a mother for her son, or a wife for her husband, the deviation from truthful accuracy is not conscious, but unconscious.

Women habitually confuse their impressions and desires with the facts. Whatever a woman wishes to have she believes she should have, and anything which stands in the way is to her an obnoxious wrong. When a son is accused of drunkenness or burglary the mother knows that above all else in the world she wants her son to be a good and pure man, and, therefore, he must be, and the charges against him are false.

No girl really and thoroughly loves a man unless he is ideal to her. His very qualities which may be faults to other people are so viewed by her as to be virtues in her sight. This is the reason why the worst way to get a good girl to drop a man is to attack him to her. The more he is attacked the more false she thinks other people are to him and the more true she will be.

Women's statements are based more on emotion than on observation. If a woman saw the same dress on two other women, one of whom was a friend and the other was not, the likelihood is that she would think it becoming to her friend and unbbecoming to her enemy.

Through this emotional process feminine gossip grows.

The woman who repeats a statement with additions believes the additions even more than the original statement, because they are of her own creation. A fact cannot grow in the telling, but the smallest fact can be made a huge snowball by having added to it the successive impressions of successive hearers.

The best thing that Col. J. Hamilton Lewis or any other law lecturer can do is to advise his male students never to be surprised by anything that a woman does or says, and to rely on the one rule that no matter what a man expects a woman to do she will do something else.

Happy as a Clam!

By Maurice Ketten.

A Quiet Tip From Mr. Jarr to All Poker-Playing Husbands: Never Give Up in Advance When Trying to Square Yourself.

By Roy L. McCardell.


Roy L. McCardell

"I DON'T care for poker," said Mr. Jarr with a yawn. "I remember when I was younger I'd sit up all night playing it. Bring us a couple of beers, Gus!"

Mr. Jarr, Mr. Rangle and two other friends had stepped into Gus's place to exchange greetings and salutations. It was just for a minute, as all were homeward bound, and although they sat in the card room marked "Office," they did not bother to take off their coats. One of the party had happened to mention that he had played the New Year in at poker.

"Not for mine, either," said Mr. Rangle, rubbing his chin across his cane. "I never saw a poker crowd—a set of friends that played together on certain nights—that didn't bust up finally in some unpleasant row. Anyway, I can't afford to lose, and why should I want to take my friends' money?"

"I'm not so unselfish about my friends' money," said Mr. Snively, "but poker is an awful waste of time. If you are losing you hold on trying to get back square, and if you are winning you stick on, hoping to win more, or being ashamed to get cold feet and quit your friends dead with their dough."

"And you drink too much," said Mr. Gote. "Of course, men playing poker never get soused, no matter how much they drink. The watch on the cards keeps you sober, but the next day all the drinks you have taken make you shaky and nervous."

"And what's the good of it?" said Mr. Snively. "If you play long enough, unless you are a sure good thing, you come out square. That is, I mean, in the long run. You take a bunch of good players and let them play, say, every Saturday night for a year, and at the end of the year you'll find you've come out about even."

"Not if there is a kitty, and there always is a kitty," said Mr. Jarr. "In the long run the kitty gets it all. Nothing doing in the poker thing for mine."

"Let's have a little pinochle game, just a couple of hands," sad Mr. Rangle. "This bunch hasn't had a game in the New Year."

"Ah, we've got to get home to dinner," said Mr. Jarr. "I'm hungry. We can slip back here after supper and play a while." (You see, his intentions were good.)

"Oh, will we?" said Mr. Rangle. "I'll bet if we go home there isn't one of us that will be able to get out again. Our little bunch is here now."

"Oh, all right, then," said Mr. Jarr weakly. "I'll telephone I'm detained on business, but, mind, I won't play later than 10 o'clock."

"Oh, sure!" echoed the other wretches.

On the fifth deal, when Mr. Jarr had been set back for a dollar twenty for the second time, the door of the "Office" flew open and Mr. Jimmy Allersin blew in.

"Whatcha playin'?" asked Mr. Allersin. "Pinochle? Say, why don't you old ladies knit tidies? Play a man's game; play bridge."

"Never played it; it's a society stunt," said Mr. Rangle.

"You can lose more than you can at poker," said Allersin.

"Let's play a little poker and let Allersin in," suggested Mr. Jarr. "What say? We can stop at 10 o'clock just the same."

"Let her go!" said the rest.

So Mr. Allersin sat in and from the first hand commenced to eat 'em alive. At 10 o'clock the whole bunch except Allersin were in the box for sums ranging from five to fifteen dollars. They clutched their cards closer and made it "all jacks."

One o'clock saw Allersin far in the lead and the rest determined to stick till they got their money back if it took till spring. Gus closed the place and took a hand himself.

At dawn six tired men with faltering feet started homeward.

Allersin was three dollars ahead. Hickett four dollars out and the rest were about even.

Mr. Jarr stood at his good wife's bedside just as the sun came up. "'Sall right," he said. "Don't get mad now; I got in a little game and won twenty dollars. Here it is."

Without opening her eyes or answering Mrs. Jarr clutched the money he had not won and thrust it under her pillow.

"Say, ain't you going to speak to me?" asked Mr. Jarr.

There was no answer. And the latest from the seat of war is that she hasn't spoken to him yet.

Letters from the People.

Army Problem.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

What reader can solve the following, in arithmetic if possible: There is an army twenty-five miles long and it marches twenty-five miles a day. A courier rides from the front of the army, when it begins its march, and rides to the rear of the army and immediately returns to the front and arrives there just as the army has completed its march of twenty-five miles. How many miles has the courier ridden?

J. A., West Brighton, S. I.

Wants Cure for Insomnia.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I suffer terribly from insomnia. Many people of my acquaintance are likewise afflicted with this curse of sleeplessness. Can no one suggest a good, sensible, harmless cure? I don't mean drugs or medicines, but some course of exercise, diet or other common sense way of winning sleep? There must be some such and some people must have tried it with success. SLEEPLESS.

Teacher vs. Saleswoman.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I differ with Student, who thinks that teachers of New York are poorly paid. If every girl who works could get a teacher's pay she would be very happy. A beginner gets about $60 a month, which amounts to about $11.50 a week, with an increase every six months until the maximum is reached. Besides this, the hours are only from 8.30 A. M. to 3 P. M., with Saturdays and holidays, not forgetting summer vacation, as well as days when absent for any cause whatever. Now, for instance, take the saleswoman whose hours are from 7.45 till 6 P. M. At the holiday season she is often obliged to stay at work till 11 or 12 P. M. and gets only 25 cents for supper. She has to dress nicely to keep her place and needs more to keep pace with the wear and tear of the store. She begins with about five or six dollars, and it is often five or ten years before she can make $11.50 a week. Even a stenographer, whose education must be high, cannot get a teacher's wage, although she is as competent in her line. It takes years before she can make the 11.50 a week earned by beginning teachers, to say nothing of the increase. Even the family supporter, whose supper table seats five and six, would be fortunate if he could get a teacher's pay, regardless of vacations, holidays and long hours. J. C. D.

Family Names.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Where did family names originate? It seems to me that this is a very interesting subject. C. R.

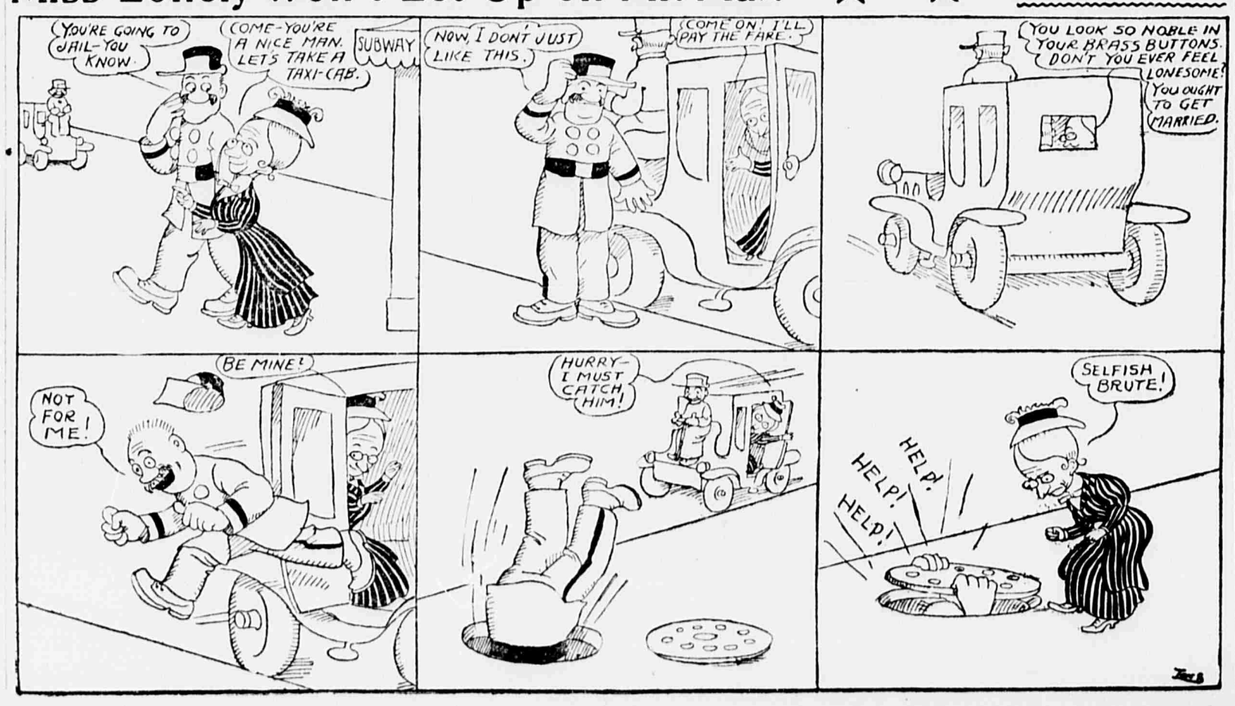
Family names usually originated from the trade of the original bearer (as "Carter" or "Goldsmith"); from his place of birth (as "York" or "Essex"), or from his father's name (as "John's son"—"Johnson," &c.).

Changes of Climate.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

What scientific reader can explain to me why the winters nowadays are so much milder and begin so much later than of old? I am only fifty-one, yet I can well remember when it used to be an exception not to have snow in or near New York on Thanksgiving, and when a "green Christmas" was a rarity. Cold waves from November to April were the rule, not the exception. No one, I think, can deny that the seasons—especially winter—are undergoing a decidedly marked change. Why? And to what will it lead? O. M.

Miss Lonely Won't Let Up on Mr. Man ☆ ☆ By F. G. Long



THE WARS OF OUR COUNTRY

By Albert Payson Terhune

No. 35.—CIVIL WAR—Part III.—Merrimac and Monitor.

FROM the fleet of five Union men-o'-war riding in Hampton Roads, off Fort Monroe, Va., on the morning of March 8, 1862, arose a gasp of amazement as there bore down upon them the strangest vessel ever seen or dreamed of. The newcomer, at first glance, looked like an iron barn roof mounted on a low ship hull. She was propelled by steam, and the sides of her "roof" were pierced by gun ports. She floated the Confederate flag and darted with silent swiftness toward the five Federal warships.

The queer craft was the former United States frigate Merrimac, sunk when the Norfolk Navy Yard was abandoned. The Confederates had raised her, renamed her the Virginia, and by covering her with metal sheathing had converted her into the first ironclad war vessel ever launched. In early ages rude galleys rowed by naked slaves had been used for sea fights. Then had come the gilded, high decked floating forts of the middle ages. After these the trim, fast sailing wooden frigates, armed brigs and sloops. But the Merrimac's exploits were forever to end the day of the wooden warship and to pave the way for the present armored fighting machine. Such projectiles as are now in use would have ripped the Merrimac to pieces in a single volley. For projectiles have ever kept pace with armor. But in 1862 missiles were not propelled by modern high power explosives.

The fifty gun steam frigate Congress, of the Union fleet, dashed at the Merrimac and delivered a crashing broadside at quarter mile range. The storm of shots glanced harmlessly off the metal sheathing, and the Merrimac replied with a volley which crippled the Congress and drove her aground. Next the United States fifty gun frigate Cumberland attacked the stranger, every port hole hurling forth shot and shell. The Merrimac, unhurt, drove her sharp iron beak into the frigate's wooden side. Down sank the Cumberland (the United States flag still flying defiantly at her masthead), firing one farewell broadside as the waters poured over her gun deck.

Sinking of the Cumberland.

The Merrimac now had a moment to spare for the crippled Congress. Turning upon the disabled, burning ship, the ironclad forced her to surrender. The fifty gun frigate Minnesota was the next object of the stranger's attack. But the frigate ran aground out of range. The Merrimac steamed away for the night, but by dawn next day was back again to finish the work of destruction. The news of her first day's achievements spread terror through the North. Such a vessel might well pass every fort or fleet unscathed, and even bombard Washington, Boston or New York. There seemed no way to check her resistless progress. At sunrise the Merrimac re-entered Hampton Roads and made at once for the Minnesota, which had been floated again during the night. The frigate's fate seemed certain. But as she pluckily prepared to meet certain annihilation from her ironclad foe another vessel slipped between the two, a vessel flying Old Glory and of so amazing an appearance as to cause a yell of astonishment to rise from the Merrimac's crew. Some one shouted at sight of her:

"See the Yankee cheesebox on a raft!"

And the description was not inappropriate. The craft had the aspect of a flat, oval board, with a round nine foot gun turret rising from the centre. This iron cylindrical turret was the only part that rose above water. Bobbing about as it did, the cylinder offered practically no mark for artillery. The "cheesebox on a raft" was named the Monitor. When the Government had learned the Confederates were building an ironclad, naval experts at the North had set secretly to work in mad haste to construct a vessel fit to cope with it. John Ericsson, a Swedish engineer, had designed the Monitor. She had been built at the Brooklyn Navy Yard and sent South under command of Capt. J. S. Worden in such haste that not even a trial trip had been made. As it was, she arrived on the scene a day later than her enemy, but in time to save all the Hampton Roads fleet except the Congress and Cumberland. Now she and the Merrimac were at death grips; the fate of Lincoln's coast blockade, of the navy, perhaps of the war itself, hanging on the result.

The Merrimac opened the battle by banging away with her bow guns at the Monitor's elusive little turret. No harm was done. Such shots as struck could only glance harmlessly off the turret's thick, rounded surface. The Monitor carried one of the heaviest guns then invented. She sent in an eleven inch shot that jarred the Merrimac from stem to stern. The Merrimac hurled a second deadly broadside at close quarters. But all the effect produced by it was to loosen one or two of the "cheesebox's" top plates.

Then the Monitor began to fight in earnest. As her foe's repeated broadsides whizzed around her the Northern ironclad at every opportunity pumped home one of those terrific eleven inch shots. With murderous accuracy the Monitor bombarded her larger opponent. The Merrimac's powerful armor was twisted and dented and her stout timbers strained under that unerring fusillade. Seeing she was beaten, the Southern vessel wheeled, retreated and bore down upon the Minnesota, whose crew, wholly unprepared for such a move, were watching, open mouthed, the weird duel of the iron monsters. Yet the Minnesota replied with a useless broadside to a volley that set her on fire.

Strangest Duel in All History.

Before the Merrimac could complete the frigate's destruction the Monitor had again slipped between the Southerner and her prey, boring into the Merrimac as before with the mighty eleven inch gun. The Merrimac ran aground, but succeeded in getting off and steamed down the bay in full retreat, the Monitor at her heels. The Merrimac turned once and tried to run down the Monitor, but only succeeded in breaking her own iron beak. Then once more the Merrimac fled, utterly beaten, her wonderful armor smashed and rent open, her stacks and pipes ripped up and riddled, her huge timbers crushed, her stem twisted, her gun muzzles torn away. She was no longer the Terror of the Seas. Two months later the Confederates destroyed her.

This victory roused wild enthusiasm in the North. It also sounded the death knell of the wooden fighting ship and was destined to revolutionize warfare.

The Color Schemes of Gowns.

By Worth, the Paris Milliner.

I WILL not insult the intelligence of my audience by insisting upon the now exploded theory that there are certain colors exclusively dedicated to the brunette, and others the sole possession of the blonde," says Worth, of Paris, in Harper's Bazar for February. "When crude dyes only were obtainable, it was perhaps necessary to say to the dark woman, 'For you there must exist only yellow and pale blue,' and to the blonde, 'You must look upon no other color save green and light red.'

"But now contemplate the nuances of every dye; contemplate, too, the changes that are rung on the definition 'brunette' and 'blonde.' Besides, if there is one point upon which women are usually good judges for themselves it is color.

"While, however, roughly speaking, white is for everybody, mauve for the very fair, blue for the brunette, and red for the blonde, I would add that age should be circumspect in a decision as to color schemes. With white, black, gray and purple at her command, why should the woman of sixty insist upon pink, which is certain to make her appear years and years older than she really is?"

Wives From Heroines of Fiction.

By Andrew Lang.

IF I were compelled to choose a wife from among the heroines of fiction, my heroine, if I am to be monogamous, is certainly Sophia in "Tom Jones," that peerless lady who was Fielding's wife, Happy Harry Fielding! though, perhaps, it needed all Sophia's humor, good humor, and sense to be equally blessed in her lord. Every man who has had the liberal education of knowing Sophia has wanted to marry her, and if to want to marry a woman makes her your favorite heroine, then Sophia would assuredly be elected by a vast majority of votes. But, in real life, any man who knew both Sophia and Beatrix Esmond would have been captured by Beatrix. The thing could not occur; the most fascinating girl in fiction (not counting Shakespeare's women) was the elderly Baroness de Bernstein, when Sophia was in her bloom, in 1745. She captured the hearts of men even as elderly women with alluring attainments attract to-day. Bewitching madcaps of fiction entertain unlearned youth, but men of mark spend time only with those heroines who perform worthy feats. They like in their reading the same qualities they demand in life.—From the Chicago Tribune.

Edison's Advice to Boys.

"I SHOULD like every boy interested in electricity to hear what Thomas A. Edison once said to me when I was a boy working in his laboratories," writes Joseph H. Adams in the introduction to his "Harper's Electricity Book for Boys." "I often recall it when things do not go just right at first. I asked the great inventor one day if invention was not made up largely of inspiration. He looked at me quizzically for a moment, and then replied: 'My boy, I have little use for a man who works on inspiration. Invention is two parts of inspiration and 98 per cent. perspiration.'"